Bloomfield Citizen.

WEEKLY JOURNAL

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THE CITIZEN *solicits contributions from the general public on any subject—political, religious, educational, or social—so long as they do not contain any personal attacks.*

All communications must be accompanied by the writer's name, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.

Advertisements for insertion in the current week must be in hand not later than Friday noon.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1904.

County School Exhibit.

The exhibit to be sent to the St. Louis Fair by the public schools of Essex county will be ready for shipment in a few days. Elmer C. Sherman, County Superintendent, has charge of the preparations for the exhibit, and is assisted by a number of teachers. The articles and work to be shown are being packed in Columbia School, South Orange. The schools interested in the exhibit are those of this town, South Orange, Vailsburgh, Irvington, West Orange, Millburn, Belleville, Nutley, Glen Ridge and Caldwell. The manual part of the display is supplied by the South Orange schools, and the drawing exhibit is supplied for the most part by the South Orange and West Orange schools.

The display includes written work in all subjects covering the course of study of the schools, from the primary to the high school; kindergarten work, drawing work, and art and manual training. A collection of about fifty photographs, showing school buildings and classrooms, will be included in the display.

Cohane-Moore.

Miss Annie Moore, daughter of Mrs. Mary Moore, formerly of Norwich, N. Y., and sister of Dr. John D. Moore of this town, was married in the Church of the Sacred Heart on Wednesday to John A. Cohane of New Haven, Conn. Rev. Father Placidus performed the ceremony in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends.

The bride was gowned in a traveling dress of gray cloth, and wore a white Gainsborough hat. She carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley. She was given away by her brother, Dr. Jas. A. Moore of New Haven.

Miss Nellie L. Ford of New Haven was the bridesmaid. She wore a gown of gray voile with white picture hat, and carried a shower bouquet of pink carnations. Timothy Cohane of New Haven, a brother of the groom, was best man, and Dr. James A. Moore of New Haven and Dr. John D. Moore were the ushers.

After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the home of Mrs. Nellie Van Gieson, No. 424 Franklin street. Mr. and Mrs. Cohane will live in New Haven, where the groom is the superintendent of a large dry goods house.

Jacob Hamilton.

Jacob Hamilton, a well-known resident of Orange, died Monday morning at his home, No. 166 High street, at the age of seventy-nine years. Mr. Hamilton had been an invalid for a long time, and his death was not unexpected. He was born at Belleville, and lived at one time in Brooklyn, but had been a resident of Orange for the past thirty-two years. He was an employing painter, but retired from active business many years ago. His wife died seven years ago. He was never active in public affairs. Three sons survive him. They are Charles J. and Clatence E. of West Orange, and Dr. Spencer C. Hamilton of this town. He leaves two daughters, Miss R. Adelaide Hamilton and Mrs. W. Bradford Smith of Orange. Funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon, and interment was made in Rosedale cemetery.

Elks Fair.

As the time for the Elks Fair draws near the members of that order are busily engaged with the arrangements for the great event. It is to be a three days' fair and its features and attractions the most novel of its kind ever known here.

The dates for the fair are Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, March 16, 17 and 18. Amusements will be one of the specialties of the fair and it is proposed to have fun going on all the time. An admission fee of fifteen cents will be charged.

Sunday-School Reception.

Mrs. Percy H. Long tendered a reception to her former Sunday-school class of the Watsessing M. E. Church Sunday-school at her home on Wednesday evening. Among those present were Miss Pauline Kielber, Miss Law, Miss Booth, Miss Garside, Miss Smith, Miss Brewster, Miss Wyker, and Miss Winnifred Southwork of Newark. The company were entertained by A. C. LaValla and Russell LaValla of Newark.

Farewell to Dr. McDuffie.

A farewell reception was given to Rev. Dr. Marshall V. McDuffie in the Prospect Street Baptist Church, East Orange, on last Wednesday night. The reception was given in the church, which had been decorated for the occasion. There was a very large attendance of the congregation and neighboring friends. Several clergymen and laymen from other churches were present to evince the very sincere regard they had for the retiring pastor. Captain Uriah Seeley presided as chairman of the meeting.

Rev. H. S. Quillian, stated supply of the Washington Street Baptist Church, Orange, was the first speaker, and he referred to his experience the first time he was in Baltimore, when he went stumbling over the elevated curbs then prevalent in Baltimore.

There was singing by the choir, which is composed of a double quartette of of well-trained voices.

Rev. David O. Irving, pastor of Bethel Presbyterian Church, East Orange, Rev. Charles A. Cook of Bloomfield, and Dr. P. J. Blight, pastor of Watsessing M. E. Church, and Captain Samuel G. Hayter made addresses, all of whom referred to the remarkable success Dr. McDuffie had met with in his present pastorate. Rev. Mr. Cook was particularly happy in his remarks, and said there were those who stood up and worked for Jesus, and those who sat down and tried to do the same thing. He phropheseied there would be no sitting down for either pastor or people in Baltimore, and that Dr. McDuffie would have a very active field of labor.

Dr. McDuffie's father was in the Confederate army, and the G. A. R. and the Doctor had a strong bond of fellowship as was evinced in the address of Past Department Commander Samuel G. Hayter of the G. A. R. Rev. Dr. Blight had a new fund of stories, and rejoiced that he had for twenty-six years in the ministry held a roving commission.

Mrs. McDuffie was kindly remembered by the Sunshine Society, which presented her with a basket of handsome flowers.

Rev. Dr. McDuffie feelingly replied, as far as he could, to the very complimentary things which had been said.

Refreshments were served at the close of the reception. Dr. McDuffie's friends will be glad to learn that his church in Baltimore, the Seventh Baptist, escaped unharmed by the disastrous fire.

Saturday's Race.

A large number of people from this town witnessed the race on Central avenue on Saturday afternoon of last week between the trotting horses "Billy D" and "Monopole." The Newark horse won three out of the four heats. In justice to Monopole it should be said that the horse had been put to some very hard work on the Thursday previous, and was not in condition for another hard fight two days after, and besides Mr. O'Neil, Monopole's owner, had had no say in the arrangements for the race, and the game was set against the Bloomfield horse. It is not unlikely that Billy D and Monopole may meet again soon under more equitable conditions.

Mrs. Janet Colwell Murphy, wife of Franklin Murphy, Governor of the State, died suddenly Wednesday night at the executive mansion in Trenton.

The Soldier's Idle Time.

Military life is necessarily made up largely of loafing. You cannot keep a man continuously at drilling, marching or any other branch of military training for eight hours a day and five or six days a week. You have to invent a great many other jobs for him, even to make a pretense of keeping him occupied. But these jobs are nearly all "loafing" jobs, and when it is all done the soldier has a great many more idle hours on his hands per diem than any other man in the same rank of life. I do not know whether it is possible to arrive at any remedy for this, but, if it is, the direction in which I should look for the remedy would be to make every soldier work at some other trade for a certain number of hours each day. The number of hours might be shorter in the summer, when there is more opportunity for training and military exercise, and longer in the winter. If this were practicable, no doubt it would make an enormous difference to the value of the soldier as a citizen when he leaves the ranks.—London Truth.

Catbirds and Black Snake.

A writer in the Scientific American says: "I witnessed a pair of catbirds making a bold defense against a black snake bent on devouring the contents of their nests. At first the snake was inclined to disregard the distressed birds as they fought to drive it away, but the blows of their wings and bills became so annoying that the thief had to seek refuge in flight. On reaching the roots of the tree, from which the river had washed the dirt, the snake started to climb, only to be driven beneath them and then out to an old stump, under which the battled and beaten reptile took refuge."

The Useful Banana.

Immense fortunes have been made out of the banana business. Revenues do not accrue alone from the sale of the fruit, for the leaves are used for packing, the wax found on the underside of the leaves is a valuable article of commerce, Manila hemp is made from the stems, and of this hemp are made mats, plaited work and lace handkerchiefs of the finest texture. Moreover, the banana is ground into banana flour. The island of Jamaica and the West Indies generally yield great crops of this useful fruit.

A WONDERFUL QUERN

HOW THE NORWEGIANS EXPLAIN WHY THE SEA IS SALT.

Magic Mill That Ground Out Riches For the Poor Brother While It Frightened the Rich One—The Sailor Who Made It Grind Salt.

There is an old fashioned Norwegian folk talk that accounts in a very curious way for the salt in the sea. According to the story, the waters of the ocean were not always salt. But long ago there were two brothers living away up in the northland. One was very rich, and the other was very poor. One brother had herds of cattle and flocks of fat mountain sheep, while the poor one had just about nothing at all except a wife and ever so many children.

One Christmas eve there was nothing in the house for them to eat, and the poor man's wife said to her husband:

"If I had a rich brother, as you have, I would go and ask him for something for these poor children to eat. Tomorrow will be Christmas day, and there is not a crust of bread in the house."

So he went to his brother and told him how much they needed his help. The rich man gave him a nice flitch of bacon and told him to go to an old magician who lived somewhere in the mountains. I do not know why he sent the poor man to the magician, for the latter did not bear a very good name in the neighborhood. However, when he came to the magician's stronghold everybody about the place wanted to buy his flitch of bacon. He could not understand why it was, but he thought if there was so much demand for the bacon he would at least make the best bargain he could for it.

"Well," he said, "I ought by rights to take this bacon home to my good dame for our dinner tomorrow, but since you all seem to have set your hearts on it I suppose you must have it. If I sell it, however, I want a good price for it."

They offered him a good round sum, but that would not do.

"I will let you have it," he said, "if you will give me that quern yonder behind the door."

A quern is one of the things that it would be very hard to find nowadays, because they have gone out of fashion. A quern is a mill for grinding corn by hand, and it consists of two large stones, an upper and a lower one, the upper one having a handle by which it may be turned around on the lower stone, grinding the corn or grain between them.

The old magician at first laughed outright at the idea of any one thinking that he would part with his quern, but the owner of the bacon insisted that he would be satisfied with nothing less than that, so he finally got it.

When he reached his own door the clock was striking 12 and his wife was waiting for him, ready to scold him for staying so long.

"What in the world kept you so long?" she asked. "And what are we going to do with that old quern when we have no corn to grind?"

Then he told her of his trading the bacon for the quern. She was dreadfully put out about it and especially at the loss of the bacon.

"Just wait a minute," said her husband, "before you begin to complain, and see if I did not do right this time."

And, putting the quern on the table, he told it to grind enough good things to make a first rate dinner for twelve hungry mouths. His wife could hardly believe her eyes as she stood there and watched the quern grinding out dainties enough to last a week.

The rich brother chanced to hear how well his poor brother's family was living, and when he came and saw what an elegant table they kept he was envious and wanted to know where they got the money to buy the things. For a long time they kept the secret of the old quern, but somehow it got out at last. They were so proud of it that they could not help telling all about it, and the rich brother insisted on buying the quern. Finally they let him have it for $300.

It kept on grinding for its new owner, but he was afraid of it, never feeling sure of what it would do next, so he made his brother take it back at the same price. The poor man was glad to get it back again, and it ground out untold riches for himself and his family. They had everything they desired, among other things a golden house to live in, and the people came from every land to see the magnificence of the family that owned the wonderful quern.

One day a stranger, an old seaman who had been all around the then known world, came to see the quern and wanted it to grind salt.

It is supposed that the owner of the quern was rich enough by this time, for he let it go for a moderate sum, and, fearing that he might repent of having sold it, the old sailor put to sea at once with his prize, anxious to know how it would work. When he had sailed so far out that no one could reach him, he said to the quern:

"Grind salt and grind both fast and good."

No sooner had he given the order than the quern began to grind heaps and heaps of salt all over the deck until the ship was ready to sink to the bottom of the sea. Scared half to death, the old sailor begged the quern to stop grinding salt. He got down on his knees to it.

But there was no use talking to it. It went on grinding, grinding, and soon the vessel went down with its weight of salt. And the quern still keeps on grinding in the depths of the ocean, and that is why the sea is salt.—Virginia McSherry.

It is a good plan occasionally to take your troubles to some one who will point out [illegible] having th[illegible]

The Lilliputians.

An entertainment, "The Lilliputians," will be given this afternoon and evening in the Glen Ridge School hall for the benefit of the school art fund. The following is the cast:

Captain Billy Mullions, Alfred Uhler; Admiral Dewey, John Sherman; sailors, Robert Beach, Arthur Moore, Alanson Brewer, Gray Zabriskie, Eckhart Calder, Jack Howard, Arthur Beves, Malcolm Hunter and Alexander MacDonald; Lilliputian shades, Jerald Durmars, Evan Wythe, Leonard Kendall, Bruce Lockwood, Ralph Upson, Douglas Rose, Gilber Bogart and Randolph Wood; Zulus, Randall Murch, Samuel King, Douglas Schouler and Edwin Rayter; college girls aboard the Polar Star, Marion DeGroat, Margaret Wood, Margaret Harris, Alice Sherman, Marjorie Ward, Sousa McElhiney, Marguerite Uhler and Ruth Hunter.

Fairies, Mary Bartholomew and Dorothy Brainard; cooks on the Polar Star, Ruth Kellogg, Ruth Sherman, Florence Knight and Anna Tyson; Aurora's Royal Guards, Alice Bartholomew, Marion Hill, Dorothy Pierson, Dorothy Beves, Elsie Smith, Ida Jordan, May Sexton and George Smith; attendants, Katharine Chadwick, Bessie Kirkpatrick, Joan Masson, Ruth Roubaud and Gail Clark.

Won't Close Candy Stores.

At the regular meeting of the East Orange City Council Monday evening several citizens were present in answer to an invitation issued several meetings ago by the Council to any citizen who may have an interest in the question of closing grocery, candy and cigar stores on Sunday. Most of those present were signers of the petition which gave rise to the action of the Council in granting a public hearing. After a number of gentlemen had spoken, including City Engineer Reimer, one of the signers of the petition, the matter was in such shape that no definite action could be taken and was laid over to some future date.

To Force Action.

The Belleville Township Committee at its next meeting will take action on the draft of a measure to compel the Erie Railroad Company to erect gates at the Cleveland street crossing. It was to have been given first reading last week, but action was postponed on the advice of counsel, owing to the absence of the chairman. The ordinance that was adopted several months ago was defective, it is said, and the committee decided to have another one prepared under which they could force the railroad to protect the crossing.

No Bids for Bonds.

Notwithstanding the fact that the West Orange Town Council advertised the second time for bids for the purchase of $150,000 sewer bonds, no proposals were received at the special meeting of that body Tuesday night. When Chairman Rollinson announced that no bids were received a long discussion took place on the financial credit of the town, and various means were considered for floating the bonds. The matter of selling the bonds was then laid over.

Death of William Ashworth.

William Ashworth, proprietor of Ashworth's Hotel, No. 92 Orange street, died on Sunday evening from paralysis. Mr. Ashworth sustained a paralytic stroke some time ago. On Saturday evening while sitting in the bar room of his hotel he was again stricken with paralysis, and on Sunday night about ten o'clock expired. Mr. Ashworth was a native of England, and was a hat finisher by trade. Previous to coming to this town he led an adventurous life, and had seen much of the world both as a sailor and as a landsman.

His narration of his experiences in various part of the world were highly entertaining, and gave him a reputation as a story-teller. The funeral service took place on Wednesday afternoon from the family home and was largely attended by relatives and friends. The Rev. P. G. Blight officiated. Several beautiful floral tributes were laid on the casket. Mr. Ashworth is survived by three children, Mrs. Louis Ellor, John and Thomas Ashworth.

Struck by Train.

Annie Corelli, ten years old, of Glenridge avenue, Montclair, while picking coal along the tracks of the Lackawanna near Glen Ridge Thursday afternoon, was struck by a passenger train from Montclair and escaped with a scalp wound and a bruised body. She was picked up by the crew and taken to the Bloomfield station. From there she was removed to the Mountainside Hospital. It was said that her injuries were not serious and that she would be discharged in a day or two. The practice of Italian women and children picking coal along the tracks has led to many arrests by the company's detectives, but so far it has had but little effect.

Musurgia to Sing in Orange.

The Musurgia of New York, which is to give a concert on Monday evening, February 29, at Music Hall, Orange, for a well known local charity, is a musical organization made up of seventy male voices, many of whom are prominent singers in the churches of the metropolitan district. Mr. Walter Henry Hall, who is the choirmaster at St. James' Church, New York city, and directo of the Brooklyn Oratorio Society, is the conductor of the club.

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NEW ACCOUNTS RECEIVED

Interest Dividends Declared Jan. 1st and July 1st.